

Diary Written By Narcissa Melissa Lawton

at Summer Oaks in Georgia in 1862 - - -

March 9th:

This is the sabbath and a most beautiful day it is for preaching. There is no preaching but at the Methodist and as I am told that the preacher is not a very good one I thought I would stay at home and read a sermon. Winny and Tommy went to Monticello in the buggy. Martha and Bobby went to the Methodist church in Grooverville. I read an interesting and searching discourse, the subject was self examination.

March 10th: Monday night.

All have retired and I am alone. My two youngest children are both indisposed tonight. I hope they may be better in the morning. I have not yet heard a word from my son Alexander. Oh! how uneasy I am about him. I feel inexpressibly sad tonight, and cannot tell why it is so. Oh! sad heart hope thou in God and thou shalt yet praise Him for the help of His countenance.

March 11th:

This is a stormy looking day; everything within and without wears a deep gloom, it is but in keeping with my feelings. Oh! Holy spirit breathe upon my heart and kindle there a flame of pure love to my blessed Redeemer and rouse up my sluggish energies.

March 13th:

I made no record on yesterday being quite busy with a piece of sewing until a late hour last night, in consequence of which I arose this morning with a violent headache, the worst one I have had in some time. It rained all day yesterday and the weather is still cloudy and blustering.

March 14th:

On yesterday afternoon Mr. Everette came over to see us, He kindly agreed to sell some hides for us in Thomasville. Winny received a letter from John Tilman informing him of the evacuation of Brunswick as the enemy were all landing there. I have no news yet from my dear son Alexander, Poor fellow, how very tired he must be of camp life. The weather is still cloudy and blustering. This morning after working a little in my garden I went into the loom house and twisted a ball of knitting thread; I then spun a small bunch of thread and twisted it. This is one art which I think I never can perform with sufficient ease to make it profitable.

March 16th:

This is again the sabbath and I went to the Baptist church and heard Brother Blewet preach. It was a sermon on the ordination of a deacon. The deacon who was ordained was a Mr. Davies. How very few men were at church today. Oh! so many empty seats, nearly all have gone to the war. Truly the storm of war has burst upon our devoted land. Each mail that comes brings the news of a fresh battle fought. I had hoped that by this time the dark clouds would have blown over, but instead of this they thicken darker and darker over us. Today news brought the intelligence of the death (by the enemy) of Generals McCollum and McIntosh, and several comissioned officers. We are in the hands of Him who made us, and when he has punished us sufficiently, He may in his own good time listen to our prayers and grant us peace. Now come my heart and let us commune together. What secret sins are covered up in thee? In the first place here is self love, on another leaf is vanity, here is impatience, pride, sloth, well, well, every leaf is filled up with charges against me. Oh! Lord help me to overcome these faults, give me grace sufficient to help in time of need, and take this sinful heart away and give me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me for Jesus sake.

March 17th:

The first news this morning which met my ear on entering my dining room was that Mr. McLendon had killed Ben who had ran away and was caught on yesterday afternoon (it being the sabbath evening) by Mr. Linton. Poor Ben he wanted to come to me thinking no doubt that I could save him, but he was beaten on the head and told that if he dared to come to me his brains would be blowed out. He was then taken to the inhuman McLendon who deliberatedly whipped him to death. Alas! alas, that such as this should be done in civilized America. No wonder we are punished by a just and avenging God for the injustice and cruelty which is exercised to our poor negroes. But thank God this is not the case everywhere, for there are some human hearts that can feel for others woe. Our poor servants are scattered abroad over the country. They never knew what it was to see trouble before, as they had a kind and indulgent master who allowed them many little privileges and alleviated their wants, and who always tried to instill principles of honesty and integrity in them, and to elevate their moral feelings instead of debasing them.

March 18th:

We are now in the midst of a terrific thunderstorm. Mr. Everette is here. He went to Thomasville on yesterday to see a lawyer about the murder of Ben. I am told that the jury passes a verdict of not guilty on the murderers for it seems that there were two concerned in it, the men who hired him and his overseer. Alas! there seems to be no such thing in this world as justice. My soul is filled with horror unspeakable at the details of this horrid murder. His wife goes about like a poor broken hearted creature. Venegeance belongs to God alone. I do not pray for revenge but I do hope that this truly awful event will produce the effect of arousing the impenitent man who committed the deed to a sense of his lost and ruined condition.

March 22nd:

On yesterday Winny started to Doroughty Co. Isreal went with him in the buggy, I really am afraid he will not be able to get along as all of the watercourses are up. Bobby started to Groover Station this morning and had to swim through the Ocilla, he heard that the bridge over the Piscola had floated away, so he had to come back home. Winny has also returned home.

March 23rd:

Today is the Lord's day, and we are all at home, as there is no chance of getting to church even if there was any preaching in the neighborhood as the Ocilla river which lies between our house and Grooverville is swimming. Well, if this is so, why may we not serve God in our own home? Why not raise here an altar of praise to His name? Oh! is He not the same everywhere? At all times and in all places? Yes, thanks to His great and condescending kindness He is the same in all times, places and seasons. Wherever the heart pants after Him, wherever there is secret prayer there will our Heavenly Father be found. Bless the Lord Oh! my soul and all that is within me praise and adore Him for His loving kindness. Yes go down my soul at His feet, struggle there, plead earnestly. Oh! give not over, faint not, who knows but that the Lord will hear thee and pour into thy heart a rich blessing. Oh! try the efficacy of secret prayer. What has thy dear Saviour told thee, "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you," These are not promises made to be broken, but heaven and earth shall pass away before His word shall fail.

March 25th: Tuesday night.

This morning opened upon us with a white frost, it seems as if we are just beginning to have cold weather. It will prove most destructive on all of our fruit as they were in such a growing state. The orange trees appear to be much injured.

March 27th:

Dear Winny received a letter this evening his Uncle Joseph desiring him to join him in Albany where he was making up a regiment, he wrote that Alex would be with him. Oh! how very, very sad does this make me, dear graceful quiet boy, how unfitted for a rough soldier. I had hoped that he had quit the camp and the field and would return to college, but this is not to be. God's will be done. Oh! wild and dark is the tempest that is now raging over our land. Our enemies are approaching nearer and nearer to us. Oh! merciful God remember us in pity, we are but the creatures of thy hand. Oh! lay not thy chastening rod too heavily on us.

March 28th:

This morning Winny left me again to join the army. God bless you our child and keep you unpolluted and pure in heart. I scarcely dare to trust myself to think about my dear Alex. It is so long since I have heard from him and Oh! so long since I have seen him. But I must strive to attain more faith and to be willing to trust everything which I hold dear to Him who gave them to me.

March 30th:

This is the sabbath morning and no preaching anywhere about except at the Methodist church and as the minister is not a prepossessing one, we prefer staying at home where we can read a sermon. I would like so much for my children to go to church every sabbath and I hope before I die to live in a place where they may be able not only to go to church but also to sabbath school. Sunday night. The weather is warm and clear. It has been a very hot day. I have to mourn over my hard heart, my love of ease, self love, and worldliness. Oh! God let thy Holy Spirit remain with me and save me from my own wicked heart for Christs sake.

April 1st:

I was quite unwell all day yesterday with a sick headache, but I thank my kind heavenly Father that I feel much better this morning, although still weak and nervous. Yesterday morning Mr. Everette came over to see us. He was about to start to Savannah and kindly offered to do anything we wished done. I sent him for some common flour. Today I sent a hand to help Mr. Brown prepare his crop as all of his sons are in the war and he is in a state of great destitution. The patriotic women of the south are raising money to build gunboats. I sent my poor little contribution yesterday by Mr. Everette and today I gave Clara a small present of five dollars for teaching her little brother and sister. She said that all she wanted with it was to send to help to build a gunboat. May God bless the efforts which are being made by all the people of the country to free themselves from the hostile invaders.

April 4th:

The summer has now come all at once. Oh! how very beautiful does nature look in her lovely robes of green. Truly everything seems to rejoice at the approach of spring. Listen to the merry peals of the birds, the humming of the bee, the chirping of the cricket. Oh! everything seems to rejoice in beautiful

nature but - man wicked sinful man, for now he is intent on deeds of murder, rapine plunder - instead of thanking and blessing the All wise giver of everything for the blessings by which he is surrounded, and staying at home to till the soil and raise his flocks, he has thrown aside his implements of husbandry and left his home to slay the brave noble hearted whose only fault is wishing to be parted from those who impose upon them. Alas! how inconsistent.

April 5th:

The weather although very pleasant is getting rather dry. I have not yet heard a word from Alex. This is the tenth month since I have seen him. I received a short letter from Sallie by Israel when he brought the horse and buggy back from carrying Winny. I hired Israel to carry the carriage to Thomasville yesterday to have it mended. I look for it back this evening. I have been spinning all of the morning some knitting thread. I feel quite tired.

April 7th:

Today is the sabbath. Clear bright and beautiful. All of the children have gone to church except M. A. who is indisposed. Dear Lord be with me this day directing my thoughts in to the proper channel, and let the meditation of my heart be acceptable to thee. Oh! grant me thy holy spirit I do most earnestly beseech thee dear Lord let not vain thoughts obtrude nor worldly cares and troubles but let Christ and him crucified be the theme of my meditations. Oh! fill my heart exclusively with thy love. And help me also to love my neighbor as myself, to be kind and forbearing to all with whom I have to do in this life. Oh! help me to make others happy and to do them all the good that lies in my power.

April 8th:

I do not know why it is that I so often break good resolutions and intentions, and why I have so little forbearance. Oh! could I but possess so even calmness of mind, could I be firm and gently, and reprove with love and kindness I should be so much happier. Arm me with strength dear Lord for the cares and conflicts of life.

April 9th:

I arose this morning feeling quite refreshed, the morning is cloudy and blustering. My garden looks beautiful, its many thousands of flowers smile upwards in my face each day as I walk among them and they almost seem to try to chase away the gloom from my sad heart. Old Mrs. Behn and Mrs. Linton came to see me a day or two ago, and poor old Mrs. Behn told me that the flowers in my garden had refreshed her they looked so bright and gay. Lona jumped down the steps this morning and hurt her foot I fear she has sprained her ankle. Martha teaches Tommy and Lona music. It is somewhat difficult to teach Tom as he is so figitty but I intend him to stick to it as I think it will benefit him.

April 10th:

As the poet says, "the stormy winds complaining brings on the wintry day," so it has proved with the blustering winds of yesterday, and last night we had a storm of wind. Today it has become beautifully clear although still windy. I feel myself giving way to my old impatient temper. Help me dear Lord when I am tempted with my besetting sin and make a way of escape for me through Jesus Christ.

April 11th:

A day so lovely as this seldom visits this sad sinful earth, clear, cold, - calm and smiling in all the green and varied beauties of early spring. Oh! should it not constrain us to bless the beneficent giver of every good and perfect gift. I do most sincerely thank him that he has given me a heart to enjoy the sweet beauties of nature. 'Tis here that I am happiest on earth, and I can read God in nature, in the deep silent woods I can listen to the almost funeral sighing of the solemn pines as if wailing over the sins of the world. In sweet harmony with these sounds is heard the plaintive notes of birds, which serve as a symphony to the grand requiem.

April 12th:

Today twelve months ago the bloodless battle of Sumpter was fought, but Oh! since that time how many bloody ones have been. What a dark page on history will be this fratricidal war. The enemy is now quite near to us, the whole coast of Florida is pretty much in their possession. My trust is in a higher power than man, and though a host should encamp around me I shall feel safe in His Almighty care.

April 14th:

Today is the sabbath and again must we all remain at home as there is no preaching except at the Methodist church. Last night we had a terrific wind storm and this morning it is cloudy and cold. I sent to the office yesterday hoping to get a letter from one or the other of my boys, but I got no intelligence from either of them. It has been now nearly two months since I have heard from Alexander. I know not what to think, I am afraid my child is sick. I have just finished reading a sermon aloud to the children, the text was, "Keep thy heart pure for out of it are the issues of life." We are there exhorted to keep the heart full of God's grace and to have deep and warm and broad hearts, so that our actions as they flow from our hearts may be filled with loving kindness, charity, and purity. Oh! Lord be pleased to enable me to keep my heart pure, let thy Holy Spirit dwell within it, and let me possess a warm charitable and loving heart abounding in every Christian feeling and purpose.

April 15th:

After having risen this morning and attended to various household duties, I took my accustomed walk back of the grove. I am almost afraid that it is presumption in me, or that after all it may prove a delusory hope; but I feel deep within the recesses of my heart a happy comfortable assurance of my acceptance with God through Jesus. Oh! Lord increase my faith.

April 16th:

I have just laid aside the last will and testament of my beloved husband, my tears blinded me too much to read any more so I locked it up in my rosewood box. They never carried out the instructions of my husband in the division of the property and I have indeed but little to support me, in truth I may say a mere pittance, but I feel indeed thankful for what I have for indeed there are many who are much worse off than I am and, although my servant maid whom I raised from a little girl and loved almost like one of my children was taken away and hired out, and also my cook was taken away and I have to hire her services at a very high price, still with God's help I arrange to get along tolerably. It is true I have a great deal to do that I never did before, but the times call for it. I can now spin fine sewing thread, and I am now making up clothes for my boys which was woven at home. I have had three pieces woven, and am endeavor-

ing to get another piece ready for the loom. My children help me in various ways, Clara teaches Tom and Lona and Bob attends to the farm and is trying to make a little crop for me with the few servants that I have.

April 17th:

I felt quite unwell last night and retired earlier than usual, I felt too badly this morning to take my accustomed walk. One of our neighbors died night before last, a Mr. Hagan, he has left a large family. I dreamed last night that I saw my dear son Alexander and Oh! how rejoiced I was to see him. God bless my noble boys and take care of them.

April 18th:

I heard the news on yesterday evening of a great battle in Tennessee, in which General Albert Sydney Johnston was killed. He was the first in command, after he fell General Beauregard took the command and our side gained a great victory. We are constantly expecting to hear of a battle in Virginia on the Peninsular it is there that my dear son was the last time I heard from him.

April 19th:

I felt indisposed all day yesterday but today am feeling better. We received on yesterday the tidings of the fall of Fort Pulaskie, the men were carried to North Carolina to Fort Hatteras. Truly those who are waging this mad, unjust and cruel war against us will have a great sin to answer for. It cannot last always, sooner or later it will come to an end.

April 20th:

Late last night after prayers a little black boy brought me two letters, one from Alex, the other from Winny. The former writes from Goldsborough, North Carolina, the latter from Griffin, Ga. How truly thankful I was to hear from them, and both were well. I have enjoyed a better nights rest last night than usual in consequence. This is the sabbath evening, I went to church this forenoon, where I heard Brother Blewet preach. We had a slim congregation. There are very few men left in the country, all or nearly all have gone to the war. I received a letter today from my dear old father and I thank God that I still have a father who cares for me and mine, he writes that he is not very well. May the Lord spare his life and may he live to see his beloved country a free and independent nation. Everything seems dull and cold in religion. I am afraid that this is the reason that this war continues, we are so sinful and so cold and negligent of our duty to God that he is punishing us for our sins. I cannot tell why it is that I feel as I do today. My heart is dead in trespasses and sins. My thoughts wander like the fools eyes to the uttermost parts of the earth. Alas! there are times when I doubt whether I have ever been converted or not, trifles light as air give me pain and sway me and cause me to lose sight of my Saviours love. And then I fall into a dull torpid state from which I cannot arouse myself. But there is something thanks be go God that can arouse those dead faculties of mine. Oh! God thy spirit can fan the dying embers within my poor dark heart and warm and illuminate it, thy love dear Jesus can restore all the springs of my existence. Come then celestial visitant look upon my languishing, dying state. Oh! come into my heart and dwell there.

April 21st:

This morning is cold enough for fire to feel comfortable. I have commenced teaching my little negroes on Sunday afternoons. I have a class of six little ones. I have only taught them three evenings, and they exhibit astonishing aptitude, and may God bless the effort to do something useful.

April 22nd:

Another cold day has dawned upon us, the wind blows really chilling. I am fearful of frost. Marthan and Tommy went to Monticello on yesterday afternoon, they have not yet returned. I wrote a long letter to my dear Alexander on yesterday but have not sent it not knowing where to direct it to. I think I shall keep it a while or find out where he is before I send it.

April 23rd:

My eyesight has now become so impaired that I find the use of spectacles very beneficial. My beloved husband, oh what feelings overcome me when I first took those spectacles from the desk, those glasses which were used by him on his death bed. Oh! my poor bleeding heart will it never stop this acheing for the loved and lost? Did I say lost? Let me recall that expression, not lost but only gone before. How often do I find myself doing things that be-loved, and expressing sentiments and waiting and expecting to hear him approving of and coinciding with my sentiments, but cease fond heart to look and wait for those whom God has taken to himself. Oh! rather let me strive to emulate their examples, and seek to make my calling and election sure. Strive to do my duty, my whole duty, and not neglect those whom God has entrusted to my care.

April 24th:

I thank God for having preserved me through another night, and enabled me to behold the opening beauties of this day, and now as I trace these lines my ear drinks in the melody of the sweet mocking birds, at my open window they are so gentle and tame that they will light on the railing of the banister. All is so quiet here that one could almost forget the stirring events which are now being enacted in our beloved country, but it is impossible to forget it long when we have so much at stake.

April 25th:

Time keeps on its monotonous tick, tick, as the pendulum of the clock swings to and fro; I have just returned from my mornings walk, and everything wears the same aspect as on the preceding day. I am almost tired of being pent up here in this quiet corner and not knowing at what moment some dreadful disaster may befall those whom I love so dearly. And they fare so hard while I live in ease and have a plenty of the comforts and even luxuries of life. Oh! that I could do more for them and my fellow country-men than I am doing, I feel that I have done nothing while so many others have gone ahead of me.

April 26th:

We last night heard that the company that went by here (a few weeks past) which were from Florida, got immediately into action with the Yankees and their Captain got desperately wounded and the company very much cut up and taken prisoners. Their Captain we hear has taken the oath of allegiance to the Yankees and is returning home. His name is Capers Bird. His company consisted mostly of young men from Monticello.

April 27th:

Today is the Lords day, and no preaching anywhere in the vicinity. We are all at home. I read one of Spurgeons sermons aloud to the children, the subject was God the All seeing one. I do not feel this day as I desire to feel, my heart seems to partake of the feelings of the weather cold and cheerless, it is just so that I am. Oh! God be pleased to breathe upon this heart of mine, with thy Holy Spirits quickening influence. Help me to arouse myself from this dull

lethargy which is seeping over me, dear Lord leave me not to myself take not thy countenance from me. "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation and uphold me with thy free spirit." I have received a short letter from Winny, written from Albany. He has written for Israel to go to him to wait on brother Joe.

April 28th:

I arose this morning and found that it was absolutely necessary for me to send my cook and Ellen into the field in order to save my crop as the first or oldest corn is very much in the grass. Clara cooked the dinner. I was afraid that it would give her a headache as she was not accustomed to it, but she insisted on doing it and succeeded very well. We are obliged to make a great exertion as two of my main field hands are down with the measles. It is with feelings of the deepest sadness that I heard today of the fall of New Orleans, "the crescent city of the sunny south," Oh! my country, my bleeding country, whenever I hear of any new victories gained by our bloody and deceitful enemies over any portion of thy sacred soil my heart trembles for thee. May the great God of nations protect thee, and give thee help in this thine hour of sore need.

April 29th:

Yesterday evening young John Tilman called to see the family, he is home on furlough. I have again sent out all of the house servants into the field. I expect I will have to do so for the next two weeks. I have been so busy all of the morning that I feel tired down. Israel will leave in a few days for Griffin, Ga. and I must try and finish a pair of stockings I am knitting to send to Winny.

April 30th:

Everything jogs along today after the usual way, nothing new having transpired with us. Mr. McDonald arrived at his overseers house last night (in the stage) Bobby teachers school this week, so as to relieve Clara who has been teaching for eight months.

May 1st:

Tommy is quite sick with fever, he had an attack of sick headache last night, and this morning he had a chill. His face is very red, I think perhaps he is taking the measles, as two of the negroes now have that disease. I have just had to pay three and a half dollars to a negro shoemaker for a pair of the coarsest kind of shoes for Bobby. I am afraid we will see hard times if this war lasts long.

May 3rd:

I made no record in my book on yesterday as I went to ride in the evening with the children. We went to the lake hoping to catch some fish, but in this we were disappointed. However, the ride was beneficial to us. Four of my field hands are down sick with the measles. I think now that Tommy has the measles also. We heard that young James Hart had his head taken off by a bombshell at the battle of Shiloh. May God comfort his widowed mother. And this is war,-----

May 4th:

Today is the sabbath. Tommy is too sick for me to leave him to go to church. Martha and Bobby went but there was no preacher there so it was well enough that I did not go. I received a letter yesterday from my father, in which he advised me to claim my dower. I think I shall take his advice. He says he thinks that the enemy will take Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, and Norfolk. My brother also

wrote me a letter which I received yesterday. He says that if they take Savannah he will not leave for he has no where else to go, and all that he owns in the world is there, and he would as soon die as lose everything that he possesses. Well, we have fallen upon dark times; God is doing it for some wonderful design. Oh! how many things will it teach us. In the first place, it will stir us up to energy, self-denial, self dependence, and yet a trust in God. In a word, it will call out every dormant faculty. Oh! merciful Father of heaven and earth be with me this evening, comfort my lone desolate heart, let me not give way to despondency. Oh! let me feel thy love within my heart, grant me a strength sufficient for my day.

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May 5th:

I have done little else today but nurse Tommy who is very ill indeed with the measles. May a kind and merciful God be pleased to bless the remedies made use of for his recovery.

May 6th:

Late yesterday evening Miss Lou Jones from Thomasville drove up in a buggy with only a little black boy to drive her, she came to get hospital stores for the sick soldiers. I am glad that she came as I was desirous of sending something to the soldiers myself. I am truly thankful that little Tommy seems better tonight.

May 8th:

I made no record yesterday as I was too busy and I forgot it. Tommy has got up, dressed and walked about, although he is very weak, and his cough is still troublesome. I will try to make him take care of himself for fear that he may take cold. I have actually made a pair of shoes for myself, and am now on the second pair. I now have on the first pair that I made and find them the most comfortable that I ever had on.

May 9th:

On yesterday morning Mr. Everette came to see me about making my tax returns. I asked him while he was here to see to the business of having my dower assinged, and he promised that he would do so. Tommy is mending slowly of his cough, Lona has not yet taken the measles. The sick negroes are also recovering. I hope they will be prudent. I have been busily engaged in making myself some shoes and have finished the second pair. I am at a loss to know what I shall do for negro shoes this coming fall, as shoes are selling so high that it would take all the money I would make just to buy their shoes. Today Marthan and Clara went

to Monticello in the buggy and they have just returned not long, they report nothing of interest to have transpired lately there.

May 10th:

Today as I was overhauling Alex's and Winny's clothing my heart became very very sad at the sight of all of their things. How long since I have seen dear Alex, and I was shaking one of Winny's coats when I felt a roll of something in one of the pockets, thinking it was a dried flower I was about to throw it out, but as I chanced to look at it I saw that it was money which he had forgotten there. I think I will send it to him in a letter. I am about to write for the Christian Index. I received a letter from Winny today.

May 11th: Sabbath afternoon.

None of the family attended church today as there was no preaching anywhere around except at the Methodist church, and my carriage driver is down with the measles. I read a beautiful sermon aloud to the children, the text was from Job, "I would not live always." I have gotten hold of an old volume which I intend reading. I think it replete with instructions to the inquirer after truth. It is called, "Cases of Conscience." May God help me to profit by the close examination and the holy teachings which it inculcates. Oh! Holy Spirit direct me, open my understanding, grant me dear Lord spiritual wisdom, grant me solid heart religion, help me to take up my cross daily, let not Satan get the advantage of me at any time, help me when I am tempted to remember Christ, and right then to put up a fervent prayer for help. Be with me dear Lord through each day that I may be permitted to live, Thou knowest all my weaknesses, all of my frailties, help me not only to pray but also to watch, to guard myself against all of the approaches of the adversary of souls.

May 12th:

Already have I yielded to temptation. Forgotten every good intention every good resolution. Sin, my besetting sin has again been victorious. Alas! for good intentions. I confess to a want of patience, forbearance, and humility. Oh! my God help me, I am weak but thou art strong, let me go in thy strength.

May 13th:

This morning Alfred came to see me to get a little piece of land from me to plant some penders on. I let him have two acres for nothing as he promised to keep up the fence for me. He brought me one of my newspapers from the office but no letters. I was so much in hopes of getting a letter from Alexander. The weather has now set in dry and hot. The Negroes are recovering from the measles, although there are some who have not yet taken it.

May 14th:

I got up this morning with a bad headache, and consequently everything went wrong with me, and I imagined that everybody else was wrong. I have just been reading some most excellent hints relative to being in the proper frame of mind in the morning and being impressed with the love of Jesus before engaging in the business of the day, as the feelings of the morning gives its tone to the rest of the day.

May 15th:

I have a very bad cold, this I suppose was the cause of my yesterdays headache. Everything goes on in the usual routine. Summer seems to be not far off, the flowers are looking most beautiful, but my heart is troubled and sad about my boys. Days and weeks pass and I can hear nothing from my son Alexander.

May 16th:

I worked in my garden this morning with the hoe until I became overheated, as we had a light rain last night I was anxious to get the grass out of my okra bed. It seems as though it would rain again.

Today is the sabbath and all have gone to church except Lona and myself. Lona has a bad cold and I am still very hoarse. Ellen, one of our servants wishes to join the church today. I should have liked to have been there to have heard her relate her feelings to the church. Her husbands cruel death induced her to seek the salvation of her soul. The children had a race home with a fearful thunderstorm, they merely had time to get in the house before the rain came down. Tommy came back with a bad headache, he went to sleep and is now better.

May 19th:

No news from my son Alexander. There has been a great battle in Virginia. Oh! can it be that, he is wounded, or even worse than that, I dare not think. Alas! alas! that I should have seen such times, and I all alone with no one to comfort me in my hours of anxiety and suspense. No, no I have my Jesus to lean upon, my faith shall look through these dark clouds to that bright land of happy rest beyond this vale of tears.

May 20th:

Today Martha and Clara went to Monticello, and have not yet returned. I have not been well today although I did not lie down, and finished several important pieces of sewing work which were commenced before. I was so much occupied as to neglect reading and meditating at the usual hour. I feel the effects of this tonight.

May 21st:

The girls have not yet returned from Monticello. What can have detained them? I have made a pair of shoes for Lona today. She is much pleased with them. My fingers are quite sore from the effects of it.

May 22nd:

The girls came home last evening without any accident. What can it be that so depresses my spirits? Oh! how cast down do I feel. Help me dear Jesus to look away from all these trials to thee.

May 23rd:

This day one year ago my husband took his leave of earth, in this very room where I now am sitting. Oh! may I be able or permitted to pass from this deceitful world as tranquilly as he did. And may I meet him again in the presence of my Saviour and his Saviour to sing praises to Him who has ransomed and redeemed us with his own precious blood. Still no news can I hear from either of my boys, and darker and darker hangs the cloud of war over our devoted land. I heard that Brother Joes regiment had been ordered to Richmond. Winny is in this regiment but I cannot hear where Alexander now is.

May 24th:

This morning opened upon us stormy, and it has been raining steadily all day. We sent to mill today, but it rained too much for the servant to go to the post office. I do not think I was ever more disappointed in my life as I was anxiously looking for a letter from one or the other of my boys.

May 25th:

This is the sabbath evening. No one here went to church today, no preaching being in the neighborhood. Mrs. Daniel and Miss Everette are now here. The weather is cool and cloudy and seems to promise more rain. How are my spiritual feelings now? Alas! I can scarcely tell, such clouds and misgivings sometimes I feel a faint assurance and feel almost strong as if I could take the sweet and precious promises in Gods holy book for myself and hope that I may be among the ransomed of the Lord; but when I view my imperfections, my vileness, my ingratitude, I am only astonished that God bears with me as he does. I confess that at this time there is nothing to cheer my inner heart, no soul refreshing views of Jesus love shed abroad in my soul and sin is lurking in my inmost nature, there are some sins which it seems almost impossible for me to overcome. Oh! Lord help me to conquer the sins of my heart through Jesus.

May 26th:

Monday. The weather is almost cold, the wind is blowing chilly. I fear this weather will produce chills and fever. The rain on Saturday was the most acceptable rain I ever saw. Everything was dry and parched up. All nature is refreshed although it is so cold. I do not enjoy much spiritual comfort, I feel like one groping about in the dark with no one to lead or direct them to the right source of comfort. Alas! why is this the case with me? Instead of growing in grace I am sadly declining, my love is cold, my faith is weak and wavering. All my energies are stupid, dull, dull, dull, dead in trespasses and sin. Oh! God be pleased to hear me now when I cry unto thee for the sake of thy dear Son give me comfort in my heart, clear all the mists and doubts away from my mind and make me to know whether I am not a deceiver, a hypocrite or whether I am a true child of thine.

May 27th:

Today I sent Tommy to the office hoping for a letter from my boys, but Alas! for me I am again doomed to disappointment. I will try and exercise patience and put my trust in God.

May 28th:

This is my daughter Clara's birthday. She is seventeen today. May God bless my dear daughter and may she grow up to be a blessing to many as she has thus far been one to me. I do not feel well today as I was up until a late hour last night waiting for the stage to come for Mr. Madden the keeper of the hotel in Monticello, who came in the stage yesterday to see me on business.

May 31st:

No record in two days have I made in my journal as circumstances prevented my doing so. On yesterday Liz Ann and Miss Carrie Clarke came to see us. Mr. McIntosh also came in the morning they all dined here. Liz and Miss Carrie stayed all night. Clara was taken quite sick in the night, I had to get up and get medicine for her; she is still sick. I also feel quite unwell today.

June 1st:

This is Sunday evening. The family all went to church today except Clara and myself, neither of us being well. I wish all could have gone as I am told that Mr. Jordon preached an excellent discourse. I had the satisfaction of receiving a letter on yesterday from my dear son Alexander. It is the first time that I have heard from him in a long, long time. My poor boy he writes

that he sees hard times, and is in a most dangerous situation, and he did not know whether his letter would ever reach me as communication would soon be cut off. Alas! I know not what to do my heart and faith are both weak very weak, no comfort can I find when I pray all is dark. When I read I feel condemned on account of my sins. I am altogether in a low state. My head has ached all day and Oh! so troubled about everything as I am. Oh! Lord save me or I perish. Oh! for a gleam of hope for a small particle of faith, Oh! Holy Spirit breathe upon the dead heart of mine and if I have never known my Saviours love, Oh! break in upon my darkness and make it light. Oh! Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ draw me to thy dear Son. Open my heart and understanding to a more intimate knowledge of thee, help me to love thee with a perfect love for Christ's sake.

June 2nd:

After a long very dry and hot spell of weather we were visited this evening by a refreshing shower. I have been unwell all day but feel a little better to-night for which I am thankful.

June 5th:

Nothing of any importance having transpired since Monday I have neglected to write in my journal. I sent Tom to Grooverville this morning in hopes of getting a letter but he brought nothing for us but two newspapers. Yesterday I read through a book by "Charlotte Elizabeth," it was the siege of Dewey. I was deeply interested in it.

June 8th:

This is the sabbath and I have just finished reading a sermon to the children. I was taken in the night with a dreadful headache and had to wake up Martha who slept with me to rub my head. She was very kind and did a great many things to relieve me. I am still very weak and nervous. Oh! how underserving am I of the many blessings which God has given me, a comfortable home, affectionate children, and kind servants to attend me when I am sick, how much better off than many in our land who have been driven from their peaceful homes and home comforts to seek homes among strangers while all they possessed are in the hands of the invaders of our soil. I have just done teaching catechism to my little negroes. Martha returned from the Methodist church and brought the papers in which is mentioned that the son of Mr. M. Lawton of Charleston was severely wounded at the battle of Pocataligo. The papers also mention among the slain at the battle near Richmond Major Call of Florida. Merciful God protect my boys amid the thick danger around them, to whom but three can I look? Oh! my God thou knowest all of my hearts offerings for my loved ones. If their bodies must perish my Father forbid that their immortal souls be lost. Nothing is impossible with thee, Oh! but give me faith to trust thee even though these dark clouds which overshadow us.

June 11th:

As everything continues to jog along here in our quiet home in pretty much the same style from day to day, I shall not write as often as I have been doing in my journal.

June 12th:

Yesterday evening Mr. Everette and his wife called to see us. I gave Mr. E ten dollars to procure salt for me, as there is a company formed for the purpose of manufacturing that article for the benefit of the surrounding country. I have made two more pairs of shoes, one for Lona and one pair for myself. I think that I improve in making them.

June 15th:

Sabbath evening the children went to church today to hear brother Blewet as this was his regular preaching day, but there was no preaching as the pastor was absent. I have just done teaching my little negroes their sabbath lessons. I feel very dull today. Nothing has the effect on my heart which I desire. Sin, sin that slick subtle foe, indwelling deep within my heart and leading me captive a willing captive to Satan, and what is worse to me leading me off from my Jesus. Oh! that I could cast out from my heart these easily besetting sins, and learn to deny myself daily and hourly and take up my cross, yes take the cross of Jesus into my heart and walk in the light of his countenance. Help me dear Lord to have more of thy meek and heavenly spirit about me, enable me to walk more closely with thee and to guard myself at all points from the assaults of the enemy of souls.

June 17th:

Yesterday was Bobby's birthday. He was 15 years of age. Today has been more like a fall day than summer. A cold drizzly rain has been all day with wind driving from the northeast.

June 21st:

This is now Saturday evening, I have just laid aside my sewing feeling rather tired. On Thursday I sent Tommy to the office for the papers, and he got caught in an awful storm, he had to go up to Mr. Lintons, and Mrs. Linton was very kind to take off his wet jacket and dry it for him. I have indirectly heard from dear son Alexander, he is in or near Richmond, I suppose Winny will soon join him.

June 22nd:

Sabbath evening. No one of the family went to church today as there was no preaching anywhere contiguous to us. I read the children aloud a beautiful discourse, the text was "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ who thought he was rich yet for our sakes he became poor -- that we through his poverty might be made rich." The subject is handled in a masterly manner by the eminent divine who delivered it. My mind is in a confused state, my spiritual state is far from being as I could desire. Doubtings and misgivings dark and gloomy feelings have again taken possession of my heart. Has God taken his holy spirit from me on account of my sins? Oh! for a heavenly smile of love to light my way. Lord bless me this evening and enable me to rise with love and confidence in thee having all my doubts and fears removed.

June 25th:

I wrote a letter to my father on yesterday and in the evening I received one from my dear son Alexander. It relieved my mind a great deal. He was in Richmond, having arrived there just after the battle of Chichicahoming, he says he assisted in removing the wounded soldiers from the ambulances and that many have died since the battle. He says that the ladies of Richmond were very kind to the wounded, tenderly dressing their wounds, and brushing away the flies from them. He says they are on the eve of a great battle.

June 28th:

This has been an uncommonly hot day. I went to ride this evening in the buggy with Bobby. I went to my dear husbands grave. Oh! Lord enable me to live the life of the righteous that my last days may be like his.

June 29th:

This is the sabbath and none of us went to church it being the fifth Sunday in the month there was no preaching in any of the churches. I received a letter from dear Winny, he is in Atlanta, Ga., with his Uncles regiment. He says he is orderly. I read a sermon aloud today by Dr. Crawford of the Mercer University. It was in the Christian Index. The subject was the education of young ministers. The Index contains many useful and instructive pieces. Shall I always write bitter things against myself? Oh! can I never feel the sweet strong consolations of the precious promises of Jesus to be mine? My heart, my deceitful, vain treacherous heart, truly doth the tempter know each unguarded part. Oh! son of righteousness arise with healing on thy wings and shine into this poor cold lifeless heart. Oh! shew me my sins and help me to repent of them. Oh! feed me with the bread of Life, and let me drink of the waters of salvation, for "even as the heart panteth after the water brooks so panteth my soul after thee Oh! God."

July 1st:

Mr. Everette rode over today to bring the news of the opening of the great and long expected battle at Richmond. The fight is still going on. My heart trembles for my son, my darling boy. Oh! God protect him, nothing is impossible with thee dear Father and he is as safe on the field of battle as if he were at home, for he is in thy hands.

July 4th:

Well the anniversary of American independence has again rolled around and the war is still raging, the greatest battle ever fought on this Continent has been fought at Richmond, but we can gain no particulars only as the telegrams reach us in the Morning News from Savannah. Last night I received a letter from my dear son Alexander, he write on the eve of the battle, he says he belongs to General Hills division, and I see by the papers that they were in the most dangerous part of the fight. Merciful God! shield my child thou knowest all that this poor trembling heart is feeling, Lord remember thy former loving kindnesses and hear me now. Oh! let not my hopes be blasted, for Jesus sake Amen.

July 6th:

The family with the exception of myself went to the Baptist church today and heard brother Jordon preach. This state of suspense is truly awful to me, about the fate of my beloved child. I can gain no information about him at all, I see by papers that the battle has been fought but no list of casualties has been published, nor have I had any letters from him. I feel so nervous, watchful and excited that at times I can scarcely understand what I am reading when I take a book to read. The blessed book of God is the only one that brings consolation and even that when I read it, it is with fear and trembling lest I am too presumptuous in supposing that those sweet promises can be for such a vile hypocrite as I am. Truly I may sing with the poet, "I would not live always thus fettered by sin, Temptations without, corruptions within, E'en the rapture of pardon is blended with fears, And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears." Oh! Lord grant me faith to trust thee even through these clouds. Give me but faith to rest upon and all will be well with me. Help me to look to Jesus and find him gracious to my soul. Oh! help me to overcome the sinfulness of my corrupt nature. Help me to fight the good fight of faith and come off conqueror - through him that hath conquered and died to redeem us to whom be glory and honour world without end, amen.

July 7th:

Not one word from my beloved son, still day after day drags heavily along, and I can neither by letter or newspaper gain the least intelligence. Oh! the unspeakable horror of this suspense. Dear Jesus wilt thou not relieve my wounded heart? Oh! hear the trembling supplications of a poor unhappy mother?

July 8th:

I am still without any information relative to my dear son. I see by the papers that the ground was covered with the heaps of the slain. And this is called the greatest battle of the present century. How then dare I hope that my child has escaped? - Be still fain despairing heart and know that the Lord is God and is present to help everywhere.

July 9th:

I have not yet heard the result of the great battle, that is the casualties, and no news from my son. While at my private devotion this morning I felt very happy. Oh! how precious did my Savior feel to my heart. I feel an inner strengthening, truly my heart is refreshed. Oh! blessed Saviour let not sin drive away the sweet influences of thy spirit.

July 10th:

This morning Clara rode over to Dr. Godfrys and got the "Morning News." It contained nothing very important. I sent Will to the office but have received no letters, nor any news from my son. I am so nervous I can scarcely do anything. Oh! God be pleased to hear me and grant me faith to believe that thou wilt save my poor son amid the thick danger by which he is surrounded.

July 12th:

This is Saturday evening and still no news from my beloved boy. This terrible suspense is to me almost unendurable. Oh! my poor heart aches for my child. Shall I ever behold him again, my first-born, my darling son. Oh! God be not angry with me but listen in mercy to my cry and spare my child.

July 13th:

This is the Sabbath. I awoke this morning with a bad headache and instead of getting better, it increases in getting worse. I really hope it may be easy enough for me to read a sermon to the children as none of them have gone to church today.

July 15th:

On Sunday forenoon I received a letter from dear Winny, who is now in the state of Tennessee within a short distance of the enemy; and he expects soon to be in an engagement, but dear boy his trust and hope is in the "Rock of Ages," and a well grounded hope I believe it to be. But from my dear Alexander I have not received the faintest tidings since the great battle before Richmond, and still have I to bear this terrible suspense. I believe that God is the same everywhere, but Oh! at times my faith is very weak, terror and fear get hold upon me and I ask myself what right I have to think that God will hear any petition when so many who are better, Oh! so much better than I am have their hearts wrung with anguish. Still I can but go to Him for I have no where else to go. And may he grant me more of his grace in my heart, a more humble reliance on him, and more resignation to his divine will in all things.

July 16th:

I awoke this morning with a return of my headache. I sent to the office but am again deeply disappointed. Oh! God enable me to look through these trials to thee and find strong consolation in trusting thee.

July 17th:

On yesterday Martha went to Thomasville to try and gain some information about dear Alexander as there are several from that place who belong to Cobbs Legion and perhaps they may have heard. May the good Lord permit me to hear from my darling son. Miss Sarah Godfrey came to see me yesterday evening to know if I had heard from her brother as he was with my son, but Alas! I could give them no satisfaction. How many desolate homes, how many aching hearts has this awful war produced.

July 18th:

This day one year ago my two sons left their peaceful homes for the tented battlefields. Martha returned home this morning from Thomasville with but little news that could satisfy. It is true she heard that Dr. Eaton wrote home from Richmond that all of the Thomas Co. boys were safe. I have just received a letter from my dear father, he is very uneasy about my dear son also.

July 19th:

I sent to the office again yesterday but received no letters from either of my two boys. I wrote a letter to my father and shall send it today to the office and it may be that I may hear from my children.

July 20th:

Today is the Lords day. I went to the Baptist church and heard Brother Blewet preach. His discourse was chiefly about the fear of the Lord. After the sermon we had communion, this is the first time that I have communed since the death of my beloved husband. The day was extremely hot and the road very dusty. I do not think that I ever suffered as much with the heat as I did in going to church, but in coming home it clouded up threatened to rain all of the way, and just as we got into the house a tremendous storm came up, it was attended by a high wind and severe thunder and lightening. I have heard from my dear son Alexander. Bless the Lord Oh! my soul for his great mercy; my childs life has been most miraculously preserved amid the clash of arms, the thunder of artillery, and the destruction of thousands of human beings, my boy has come out safe and unharmed. Oh! God hear me this sabbath morning when I pour out my heart to thee for the conversion of my eldest son. Oh! Father let some kind of conviction lodge deep in his heart and not be extracted till he has found peace and pardon in Jesus.

July 21st:

Martha went in the stage which came up to the house for her this afternoon at four o'clock from Groover Station from there she expects to go on to Atlanta to spend one or two months. I hope she may arrive safely at her destination. I felt quite badly at her going without a protection but there was no help for it, and trust that God will protect her.

July 24th:

I sent to the office but received nothing. Clara rode over to Dr. Godfreys to get the words of a song from Miss Godfrey and heard that the company that Winny was in had been engaged in an action with the enemy and twenty had got killed. I can hear nothing definite from either of my boys as they have not written to me. The weather is becoming wet and we have thunderstorms every day. Oh! Lord direct my thoughts and actions this day.

July 27th:

Today is the Lords day and as there was no preaching in the neighborhood except at the Primitive Baptists none of us went out. I read a sermon to the children, the text was "God commendeth his love to us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." Oh! this delightful theme, the love of Christ, he died for poor sinners not for the righteous. Oh! may I not be saved since my Saviour died for me who am the very chief of sinners? This blessed faithful saying that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners of whom I am chief will surely clear away all the dark doubts from my troubled heart. Lord I believe, help thou mine unbelief. Oh! Lord forgive my sins for Jesus sake. When I reflect upon thine awful majesty my mind is filled with undefined fear and terror unless Jesus Christ the rock that was cleft for me hide me. Oh! where shall I flee to? Come Lord, Oh! save me or I perish; "In my hand no price -- I bring simply to the cross I cling." Oh! cast me not away, let me feel thy love sustaining me. That perfect love which will cast out fear.

July 29th:

On yesterday morning Mr. Everette came over and brought me the money for my cotton which he had sold for me. It sold for fifteen cents per pound, I never knew green seed cotton to sell for that in this country. I wrote a letter to my son Alexander today and one to my brother Winborn. There is a report that the "Dixy boys" are taken prisoners by the Yankees, Dr. Daniell belongs to the company. I really hope that he is not taken prisoner for it would almost kill his poor young wife. I see by the papers that Col. Lawtons cavalry distinguished themselves at the taking of Murfreesborough, Tenn. I suppose that my dear Winny has been engaged in a battle. It is impossible to hear from him now as he is in the enemies country.

July 31st:

Tommy was taken sick with the fever yesterday. He has been looking badly for some time past. I gave him a dose of calomel and ipecac and he seems much better this morning. I sent to the office hoping to get a letter but have not yet received a line from Alexander and I scarcely expect to get one from Winny as he is continually on the march and has no opportunity to write.

July 31st: Afternoon

I have at length received the long looked for letter of Alexanders giving me a full description of the awful battles in which he was engaged. Poor fellow, what must have been his feelings amid those terrible and tremendous scenes? He sent the photographic likeness of a northern lady which he took out of the Yankee camps after they had retreated and their and stores, etc., fell into the hands of our own brave men. He says that he never expected to see another sunrise and wondered how it was that he escaped alive. Indeed my son has been through the most awful battles that have ever been fought on this continent. He says that he walked to the battle field the morning after the battle and there he saw a sight which he never expected to see, a ghastly, horrible spectacle, he saw dead men and a plenty of them, both southerners and northerners.

Oh! my God let these terrible scenes through which my son has passed cause him to direct his thoughts to thee. Oh! let him not become hardened. Oh! my God let the still small voice of conscience never let him rest until he has found peace and pardon through the merits of a crucified Saviour.

August 1st:

Tommy had the fever all day until late this evening. Today a regiment passed here on their way to the seat of the war. Night has drawn her curtain over our ill earth. Oh! Lord keep us safe this night secure from every ill.

August 2nd: Saturday night.

Today we had a rain which was very much needed. I sent to the office but received nothing but a newspaper. Tommy was a great deal better today although I think he is disposed to fever tonight. Oh! Lord help me to call in my wandering thoughts and affections this night and place them upon thee, the only good supreme.

August 3rd: Sabbath day evening.

This has been a day of suffering to me both physically and mentally. My head ached intensely all day; and dear little Tommy has been very sick indeed. He seems a little easier this evening. Mr. Everette called to see me this afternoon to let me know that he would start to Virginia tomorrow evening. He is going to bring his son John who is very ill at Gordonsville, where he was left by the army. I am in hopes that he may see Alexander I shall try and write a few lines to him and send it by Mr. Everette who has kindly offered to take any little thing to him that I may wish to send. I have felt so unwell all day that I can scarcely read, my mind is much troubled, Oh! Lord strengthen me and support me.

August 5th:

Today is Tuesday. On yesterday evening I took Tommy (who was well enough to walk about) to ride in the buggy; we went to Dr. Godfreys to get some tonic medicine for Tommy. I got the doctor to prescribe for him, but he has the fever again today. It seems to be every other day fever. As near as I live to Dr. Godfreys I never was there before yesterday.

August 6th:

Tommy is much better today, although he looks badly. I sent to the doctors this morning for more medicine. I shall try very hard to keep off his fever this evening. Mrs. Jones came over this evening to see me about my cloth which she is weaving for me.

August 9th:

This has been one of the hottest days of this season. Yesterday I received two letters, one from Martha who is in Atlanta and writes me that she intends taking a school there if she can succeed in getting fifteen scholars, the other being from my brothers wife Sarah Lawton of Savannah. Mrs. Tilman came to see me on Thursday and spent the morning with me. She said she had come to me for sympathy as she knew that I would sympathise with her as I had two sons in the army. The poor soldiers in Virginia have very little to eat and had nothing for two days. Oh! my God have mercy on them. Oh! that I could only send them something.

August 16th:

This is Saturday. Well, there is no rain yet, although the clouds still hover around and all nature is parched and languishing for the want of rain. I know that God will send it in his own good time. On yesterday morning Mrs. Linton and old Mrs. Behn came to see me. Mrs. Linton told me of a battle that has recently been fought in Virginia under Stonewall Jackson; and for what I know my dear Alexander may have been in another engagement. Alas! Alas! this awful war. My poor heart is kept in a continual state of suspense and excitement and then there is poor dear Winny. I have never heard a word from since he went to Tennessee. Oh! God I cast my cares upon thee alone for I believe that thou hearest me.

August 17th:

Today is the Lords day and being the day that we have preaching in our church in Grooverville, Clara and Lona went and heard Brother Blewet preach. I had to stay at home with Tommy who was quite sick last night. Bobby also stayed at home as he has a sore foot and cannot wear a shoe. I received a long letter from Martha today. It was indeed a beautiful letter, it caused me to shed tears. I am truly glad that dear Martha is where she can listen to such excellent preaching as she writes me about. Oh! that we could have refreshing from the presence of the Lord, I read of delightful seasons in different parts of Georgia in the columns of the Christian Index, why is it that we are so cold and dead, there has never been a revival in our church since we have joined it. Lord revive us, all our help must come from thee.

August 19th:

This is now the third day since the weather has turned remarkably cool for the time of the year. On Saturday last about the middle of the day there was every appearance of an awful storm, the weather was intensely hot and sultry. The atmosphere suddenly became cool and kept getting colder and has continued so until today. We have to have fires in the rooms. Last night there was a comet visible, so I was told, I did not see it myself. The drought is very severe. We've had no rain in a length of time and everything needing it so much. My garden is literally burned up. It is distressing to see plants (which so lately were growing so beautifully) with their yellow parched leaves. The whole potato crop looks as if it will be ruined. Oh! Lord all things are in thy hands, thou knowest what is best for us.

August 22nd:

We are now having a light sprinkle of rain and as the clouds hang hovering I am in hopes that the parched earth may be revived once more. Today is Friday and andas I have received no letters or papers this week I begin again to feel anxious. I have been very busy this week with my work. It is a great blessing to have a plenty of work to do and to be well enough to do it. There is nothing like it to drive away anxious feeling. Oh! Lord enable me to live this day in the proper discharge of my duties and enjoy thy sweet presence.

August 24th:

This is the sabbath and owing to the sickness of Tommy and Lona none of us went to church although I should not have gone myself as I never go to the hard-shell Baptists meeting and there was no preaching anywhere else. I received a letter from dear Winny yesterday evening the letter being written a month ago, he says he has been in two battles, and that he had been living in his saddle for a month. He wrote me a glowing account of the taking of Murfreesborough.

He says being in a battle is not all its cracked up to be, for he came very near being shot several times. He says he could smell the balls pass under his nose, but thanks to an all wise providence he came out safe and sound. I have read three sermons today. I read a beautiful one by Debon aloud to the children, and another by Spurgeon, the text was, "He was wounded and bruised for our transgressions", Oh! God the love of God for poor fallen man. Our whole lives should indeed be devoted to our God. Oh! my Lord help me to love thee more than I do, here let me on the sabbath evening renew my covenant with thee, accept dear Saviour this poor worthless heart of mine. Oh! Jesus my hearts desire is for thee. Oh! turn not away from me. If there be any secret sins in me, help me to find them out and overcome them, I humbly beseech thee.

August 26th:

My little Lona has been quite ill ever since Sunday. She has pneumonia. I was up with her nearly all of Sunday night and also the best part of last night, but thank God she appears much better this evening. I hope she may get a good nights rest tonight, as I feel very badly from losing so much rest, and I never sleep in the day. All of the children are ailing and look badly. They have violent colds. The weather has been cloudy and threatening a storm for two or three days, we have had some rain lately but not a great deal.

August 29th:

Again has my daughter Lona had a most violent and distressing illness. She took a fresh cold and had a discharge of bloody matter which ran out of both of her ears. Last night was the first night that I have rested the whole night in six nights. We have a great deal of sickness at this time. Tommy and Bobby are both sick, also several of the servants. I was afraid that I would be soon taken sick myself I felt so badly all day yesterday from losing rest. But I thank God that I feel much better today. We are now having a great deal of rain, after a long drought in which it seems as if everything would burn up it has become a regular rainy spell. Oh! that our hearts which are withered and parched may be visited with showers of divine grace.

August 31st:

This is the sabbath and I went to our church where in Grooverville I heard an excellent discourse by a minister from South Carolina, a Mr. Childs. I think I remember to have seen him when I was quite young. He told me that he knew many of my relatives. I was much impressed with his sermon. He said we should humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God, and we must cast all our cares upon him, for he careth for us. I received a long letter yesterday from dear Winny. He is in a perilous situation in Tennessee, but still he is in Gods hands. Today I received a letter from my dear old father. It is such a comfort to me to receive letters from those I love. No news as yet from my dear son Alexander. Oh! that I had faith to trust the Lord at all times, to cast all my cares upon him and to feel and believe that he careth for me. Oh! Lord help me to love thee for alas! I feel that I do not love thee as much as I love the perishing things of time. Oh! warm up these frozen faculties of mine and let me joy and rejoice in thee.

September 2nd:

I rode over to Mr. Everettes today. Clara went with me. We spent quite a pleasant morning there. After dinner I worked in my garden. Planted some beets and seed that Mr. Everette gave me, also planted some other seeds.

September 5th:

This morning as I was out attending to my business, a servant handed me a note from Mrs. Linton and a letter from Martha. I have written two letters since dinner and as they were both long letters I feel quite tired.

September 7th:

This is the sabbath and my two youngest children being not well enough to go to church I preferred to stay with them so as to read to them and instruct them. I read a sermon, the text was "Jesus Christ the same, yesterday, today and forever." Oh! blessed text, Lord be pleased to bless it to my soul. Oh! help me to comprehend more fully the depth of the love of Christ. Lord I am but a seeker of thy love and thou hast promised that those that seek thee shall find thee. Lord thy promises are firm as eternity. Dear Lord do not turn away from my supplication. Show me how to seek thee aright, clear away the dark mists and doubts from my mind, and help me to know who I am. Lord I am a poor ignorant creature, enlighten my darkness and enable me to look beyond this dark vale of tears to that bright world where Jesus reigns in glory. Oh! help me to feel happy and secure in the love of Jesus. Lord thou hast said if we knocked it should be opened to us. I have knocked dear Lord, be pleased to open to me. I have asked Oh! let me receive thy love abundantly in my heart. Nothing but love and mercy dear Lord I crave.

September 14th:

Again the sabbath has rolled around and I have made no record in my journal during the week as nothing of much interest has occurred. Brother Blewet came to see me on Wednesday. I was very glad to see him. It is refreshing to have Christian friends to visit us. On yesterday we received a letter from dear Winny. I am thankful that my dear child is doing so well and that his rough soldiers life agrees with him. He wrote on Yankee paper which had the old flag of the United States on it. He says he has been in another engagement with the enemy which makes three since he has been in Tennessee. I was deeply disappointed at not getting a letter from my dear Alexander. Oh! it has been such a long, long time since I have heard from him. And there has been another awful battle fought since he wrote to me. Oh! my God take my child under thine Almighty care and protection and give me faith to trust thee even though all looks dark around me, Oh! let me hear thee gently whispering peace troubled soul. Be still, cast thy cares upon me. I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.

September 19th:

Yesterday was a day appointed by the President as a day of thanksgiving on account of the great victory on the memorable plains of Manasses. This is now the second signal victory of our army on the field of my beloved son? I have not heard one word from him since he left Richmond. I see by the papers that our victorious army has crossed the Potomac and marched into the state of Maryland. Our armies in Tennessee and Kentucky have been equally successful. Truly we have cause for thanksgiving to God. Oh! Lord grant us peace.

September 21st:

This is again the sabbath and a very rainy day. Just such a day as last sabbath, and the family in consequence are prevented from going to church. This is Brother Blewets day to preach at Grooverville. Oh! Lord help me to be in the right frame of mind today. Help me to be elevated in feeling above these groveling things of earth. Let no worldly cares obtrude themselves into my mind. I feel that I am powerless without the assistance of the Holy Spirit. I also feel my own weakness, and know that I am liable to fall at any time. Alas! when I review my actions I

feel condemned, and am amazed at the forbearance of God. Is it possible that such a dull senseless clod of earth as I am should presume to call myself a child of God? I that am so easily provoked, so apt to judge wrongly, so apt to speak harshly, so unloving in my nature, and yet so very very selfish that a child might teach me generosity. It cannot surely be true that I am a Christian; for the meek and humble follower of Jesus could never reflect any but the image of his Saviour. Oh! that I could feel that nothing had power to draw me away from my Saviour, neither cares, nor adversities, or the deceitfulness of riches, or anything at all, but my whole life be spent in loving and adoring Him.

September 22nd:

This is Monday. I received a letter from dear Martha on yesterday. She does not seem to be very well. I hope it may be nothing serious. Still no news from my boys. I see by the papers that the division of the army that Alexander is attached to is in Maryland, but I have not heard from him since the great battle of Manasses. How different are my feelings to what they used to be. Is it possible that we can get used to misery? And reading of awful battles, and living in a state of continual suspense, anxiety and excitement, not knowing at what moment we may hear of some dreadful disaster? There is one thing for us to bear in mind, and that is that God holds our destinies in his hand, and as he is a prayer hearing and a prayer answering God, we are not to cease supplicating him in behalf of our country, and those whom we so tenderly love who are exposed to war and its attendant evils.

September 23rd:

This day would have been my beloved husbands birthday. Had he lived he would have been fifty-three years old. I feel sad and Oh! so lonely today. I am not well, for several days I have been indisposed although I am going about attending my domestic duties. Known only to my God are the deep troubles of my heart, and to Him would I commit my ways.

September 28th:

Today is the sabbath and no preaching as usual these times. It is indeed a rare thing to have preaching now; for this awful war seems to engross everything, etc. Our pastor is engaged in the salt business and is seldom at home. On yesterday evening I read a letter which John Tilman wrote to his mother, he was in the State of Maryland. He said that he had seen my son a few days before he had written and that he was well. It was very kind in Mrs. Tilman to send me one of her sons letters to read and I am grateful to her for doing so. Two of my house servants are quite sick with the fever. I see by the Savannah papers that General Lawton was wounded in a battle in Maryland and is reported that his whole brigade has been captured by the enemy. If this is the case there will be woe and anguish in many a family. John Everette and John Tilman are both in Lawtons brigade. God grant that it may not be true.

September 30th:

Today is a real summer day. No signs of fall or autumn yet. The birds are making the air vocal with their sweet music, all nature smiles in quiet loveliness, the flowers are wearing their richest tints of coloring, and the blue sky above smiles calmly over us as there were no such thing as sin and sorrow and suffering in the world. But alas! for this momentary delusion, only cast the eye around a little farther from here and what scenes meet you at every step. What woe, desolation, havoc, and distress in this once fair and peaceful land. Poor bleeding country if you ever do gain independence how many precious lives will be sacrificed to obtain it.. Oh! God have mercy on us, and may the people learn righteousness

whilst thy judgements are abroad.

October 1st:

Nothing has transpired lately to break the quiet monotony of our lives at home, except the sickness of Angeline and Grace. They are better today. Oh! that I could only say that it was quiet in other parts of our country, but these things are in the hands of God.

October 2nd:

I have just received a letter from my dear son Alexander. He writes me from Maryland. He says he passed safely through the awful battle at Manasses and another one since then. Oh! Lord I thank thee for having permitted me to hear from my beloved child once more and that he is still safe. Father into thy hands I commit them both.

October 5th:

This is the sabbath. The weather is very hot and dry. This morning I was surprised at seeing a number of soldiers going by our avenue. Bobby walked down to inquire what was their destination as they were going the opposite way from that which they usually went. They told him they were on the way to Jacksonville, Florida, to retake it if they could. May the good Lord enable them to do so. I received a letter last night from Martha. She is still in Atlanta and seems to enjoy herself very much. No tidings by the last mail from either of my boys. Oh! it is so distressing to read incidents of that sanquinary battle in Maryland. I tremble to think of it. I almost know that my darling son was in the battle, but let him be where he may, he still is in the hands of God, for is it God who has sent this -- desolating war upon us? Oh! how very humble we should be, how patient, how prayerful, and Oh! so watchful and self-denying. Lord help us to be all this and more. Grant us wisdom and love to thee for Christs sake.

October 7th:

I had a visitor yesterday. Mr. McDonald came up and spent an hour or so, he seems to be a good old man. He appears to be greatly perplexed about procuring clothing for his negroes, as nothing can now be purchased in any of the stores in Monticello. He says it is no better in Savannah. I am so thankful that I have been enabled by the help of God to have cloth enough woven, both to clothe my children and servants. I have heard that my niece Sarah Brooks is dead. She had several children the last time I heard from her and I suppose that they are now deprived of a fond mothers care. I also hear thay my sister Rachel is now living quite near to me, only about fifteen or twenty miles away. My dear sister it has been a long time since I have seen you and we have both been deeply afflicted since that time.

October 9th:

We are all very busy trying to do something for the poor soldiers in Virginia who are in a most suffering condition for the want of clothing. I have not yet heard from my son Alexander since the great battle of Maryland, and it has been a long time since I have hear from Winny. I find the cares of this life pressing heavily upon me. It is no easy task to manage children by myself and servants also. Sometimes I get along pretty well but at other times everything seems to go wrong, this has been one of those days with me. I know the fault is mine. Oh! Lord help me to possess wisdom and sound judgment in all of my domestic duties.

October 10th:

Today I was very much surprised at the arrival of Israel, our servant who went away to Tennessee with brother Joe. He says he left Winny in Kentucky, and that he was well, he also tells me that brother Joe has resigned and gone home. a soldier came here just before dinner and asked me for a drink of milk. I gave him some and then gave him dinner, he is just from Virginia. He says he fought in that bloody battle of Sharpsbough in Maryland.

October 12th:

Sabbath again has rolled around and being a rainy morning none of us went to church. I begin to feel truly alarmed about myself. I am so easily beset with temptation. Really the evil one knoweth each unguarded part of our nature and tempts us there the most successfully. Oh! my God guard me at all points, let not Satan triumph over me. Thou also knowest my weaknesses, knowest how blind, how frail, and corrupt I am, but yet dear Lord in thy mercy alone do I rely for pardon and comfort.

Ten o'clock at night.

Some soldiers came to me tonight after supper to beg me to send them in my wagon to Grooverville. I went out and spoke to them and gave them two bottles of wine and some cold supper I had in the house. Poor fellows, they were very grateful to me for it, I loaned them my wagon and an extra horse. They are going to protect Savannah as it is daily expecting an attack from the enemy. I received a letter from my old father this evening. He says he prays daily for my darling boys who are in the war and I must tell them when I write to them.

October 15th:

This is Wednesday. As nothing of much interest has occurred within the last two or three days (among us here at home) I have made no record in my journal. There are no dry goods now to be purchased in town or country. I hear that cotton cloth now sells for a dollar per yard, whereas it formerly could be bought for a bit per yard. I had to pay yesterday twenty dollars for two sides of leather to make shoes for my negroes, and then the making of them will cost me forty dollars. The times are dreadful, but this is nothing to what I expect it will be.

October 17th:

Tonight while we were at supper Israel came in from Thomasville. He says that Dr. Eaton told him that he had seen my son Alexander a few weeks ago and that he was sick in the hospital; but he could not remember at what place whether at Richmond or Winchester. Dr. Eaton says he will take a letter to my son as he expects to start again in a few days for Richmond.

October 18th:

Our Association is now going on at the New Hope Church. It commenced yesterday and will keep on for several days. I have just received the papers and am sorry to see that our armies in the west have had a repulse. A most bloody battle has again been fought at Corinth.

October 20th:

This is Monday. Yesterday morning I went to the association. I carried all of the children with me. When we arrived at the place which was about nine miles from here, we found an immense concourse of people collected both whites and blacks. There was a shed erected for the congregation to sit under, it was covered with planks and kept off the sun very nicely. They had not commenced the exercises when we got there. Mr. Brilly of Monticello preached, but owing to bad seat which I occupied being a decayed log, and also that I was at the extreme end of the shed where the congregation were very restless and moving about whispering, and my being so far off from the speaker that I found it impossible to listen to the discourse as I ought to have done. After the intermission during which time we partook of a repast, we again went to the stand and this time I procured a very much better seat than I had in the morning. Mr. Columbus Smith preached a very beautiful sermon, I had heard much about him as a preacher but never heard him until last evening. When we reached home it was nearly dark.

October 22nd:

I went to bed last night very sick with a high fever, but this morning through the kind mercy of my heavenly father, I am much better although I still have a headache. Mr. Everette came over to see me yesterday evening to get up supplies for the soldiers. I had been very busy ever since last week working for them and did not intend to carry my contribution to Thomas ville till Thursday but he has offered to carry them for me and so this will save me the trouble of going. Clara and Bobby went today to the meeting at Olive church where the association was held as we heard that the meeting was still going on.

October 23rd:

Today I sent Twenty Dollars to Brother Blewet for his pastoral services, and Five Dollars to aid in sending the gospel to the soldiers. Clara and Bobby went again today to the meeting. It adjourned this evening.

October 24th:

Today I had the happiness of hearing from by beloved son Alexander. He writes that Cobbs legion have been permitted to return to Georgia. Oh! can it be possible that I shall again behold the face of my boy in this world? He writes that young Godfrey was wounded in the battle and had to be left in Maryland. How very sorry do I feel for his parents and for him too, poor fellow. My son sent his sisters a piece of the United States flag which was surrendered at the taking of Harpers Ferry. There has been a great battle fought in Kentucky and it is there that my dear Winny is and I have not heard from him in a long time. Oh! Lord enable me to put my trust in thee fully and entirely. Give me more faith, more earnestness in prayer, more devoted love to thee. On Thee, on thee, alone great Father of eternal life do I cast my cares.

October 26th:

This is the sabbath and a very cold and windy day. The hardshell Baptists are now holding their association, which is at the Moriah church about five miles from here, as we all had such bad colds none of us went out today. I read aloud a sermon to the children, the text was "No man can come unto me except the Father which sent me draw him." In looking into my heart I see nothing but sin and uncleanness, a quick impatient disposition. Alas! Alas!

I mourn the evils of my nature. Oh! God draw me to thy dear son, Holy Spirit enter in to my soul reign in and rule over me. Lord forgive me for any past sins and offences. Keep me Oh! keep me in the right way. Oh! let not the tempter at any time lead me astray. Grant thy spirit to remain with me dear Lord for Jesus sake.

October 28th: Tuesday night.

All are sleeping in the house except myself. And now in looking over the events and actions of today, I see a busy day, sewing, carding and spinning wool to make my dear boy some clothing which he wrote me that he was sadly in want of. Mr. Everette came over to see us this afternoon. Bobby is preparing to grind sugar cane. He had the boilers fired today and is having the mill got in order for grinding. I received a letter from Martha a few days ago. She has taken a school in Macon and is teaching now.

November 2nd:

This is the sabbath. Clara and Lona went to church today, but there was no preaching. Alas! this is a sad state to live in, it is so seldom that we can get preaching. I received a letter this morning from Martha. She is teaching school in Macon. She wants me to send her some of her clothes which she is in need of. Oh! God shine into this my darkened heart, give me strength to enable me to bear up under all the trials of this life, let me not become discouraged or faint when I am rebuked by thee, make the path of duty plain to my understanding, and oh! forgive me my sinful wandering and uphold me with thy free spirit for Jesus sake.

November 4th:

Yesterday which was Monday was an uncommonly busy day for me. I also wrote two letters. One to Martha and while I was writing to her Israel came with a message from dear Winny, begging me to send him some clothes. I had to stop writing to Martha and hurry up some clothes and sew them up in a bag for him. I also wrote to my dear boy and commended him to the care of my Father in heaven. After Israel went I finished my letter to Martha and then packed up her clothes in a box and this morning big Will carried it in the buggy to the depot, I hired him to do so for me, as all of my servants were very busy grinding cane and boiling syrup. Israel told me that he heard that Winny was in a big battle which has been going on for nearly a week, and the battle was still going on. My poor boy I may never see thee again, but oh! my God my trust is still in thee, for art thou not the same yesterday, today and forever? Oh! Lord let these troubles exert a salutary influence upon me, for I am so sinful that I need thy rebukes and chastisements to drive me nearer to thee all of the time. Give me more faith, and more charity, sweet Christian charity.

November 6th:

This morning I feel much better than I did last night. I went to bed feeling quite indisposed, but gradually this morning my bad feelings left me. Yesterday Lona was nine years of age, my little children are fast leaving the years of babyhood and infancy and are now becoming responsible human beings. Oh! how much patience it is necessary for me to possess who has children to raise. How different are the dispositions of my children. Clara is all that a fond mother could wish, having her fathers sunny disposition, she is quiet withal and dignified and of untiring assiduity, and then dear Bobby is a most useful son to me. He is a most business child, how I shall miss the dear little fellow when he goes to school.

November 9th:

This is the Lords day. I read a beautiful discourse to the children, the subject being, "The sin of unbelief." On yesterday I went to Monticello. My horse gave out before I reached there and I went to Lizzy Clarkes and borrowed a conveyance to town, and after I had transacted my business I returned to Lizzys where I had left my horse and as he seemed better I came home. The weather was extremely cold and riding in the cold wind together with being without my dinner all day gave me a severe headache. When I arrived at home I found a letter from my dear Winny. My poor boy, my heart sinks when I reflect on the situation, Alas! my child what can I do for you. Oh! I know how great must have been your sufferings and privations for you to tell me that you would almost rather die than go through such hardships. Oh! my God take care of my dear child who has put his trust in thee, and has said that whether he lived or whether he died he was the Lords.

November 12th: Wednesday night.

This morning I went to Grooverville to see about some shoes being made. Clara received a letter from Winny. He says his situation is much better than it was although his health still suffers from the hardships he endured. While we were at dinner today a vigilance committee came here and asked permission to search my servants houses, as there had been a mysterious document found intimating that the blacks intended rising, and that our negroes had supplied the paper upon which the document was written. It seems that last night an incendiary burnt down old Mr. Meltons mill, and this anonymous paper was found fastened between the fence near where the mill was burned. The neighborhood is in a state of intense excitement about the circumstance.

November 16th: Sunday.

No preaching as usual today. I have just finished reading a beautiful sermon to the children, the text was, "He healeth the broken in heart." Oh! that I could set such an example to my children as to make them fall in love with the religion of Jesus Christ. I know that example is more than precept. Oh! God grant me that religion which will bear the hard pressure of everyday life, that religion which will exhibit to those around me that I have been with Christ. Oh! let me not trust to a first experience of grace, but merciful Father let me if I am indeed thy child, enable me to exhibit thy image in all of my daily avocations. Help me dear Lord to remember thee at all times, and on all occasions, in the training of my children, and my servants also, in all of my domestic concerns be thou still in my thoughts. Oh! Lord help me to redeem the time that is past, help me to rise above this sinful world for happiness. Oh! Lord hold me and let me not fall, All my trust is in thee, dear Lord save me for Christs sake.

November 19th:

This is Wednesday, a gloomy, cloudy day. I sent to the office this morning, hoping to receive a letter from one or the other of my boys, but have received none from either of them. Our countrys fate seems just as dark today as it did last winter, no ray of light breaks in upon us. Poor Savannah is each day expecting to be attacked. Oh! God save my loved country.

November 23rd:

This is the Lords day, and a beautiful day it is, clear and cold and bright. As usual I read a sermon aloud to my children, the text was "A bruised reed will He not break and smoking flax will he not quench 'til He send forth judgement unto victory." This is indeed a favorite one of Spurgeons sermons with me, it is indeed sweet comfort for feeble saints. I have become quite despondent again.

At times I feel so cast down that I can scarcely take an interest in anything. Oh! the grief at my heart, the anxiety about my poor boys, neither of whom I can hear a word from. Oh! Lord upon thee do I roll the burden of my cares, dear Lord let all of this anguish of Spirit be lost in love of thee.

November 25th:

On yesterday Israel came here from Dougherty Co. and brought me a letter from brother Joe. He says he will try and be here in a week or two. This afternoon Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Dugger came here to see me. I hear that the smallpox is quite near to us being at Valdosta, which is only thirty miles from here. May God in this tender mercy forbid that it should come here.

November 29th:

On yesterday Mr. Everette came to see me on business about paying my taxes, and other things. My taxes were twenty dollars, a larger sum than I thought it would be. In the evening Israel brought two pair of shoes which I had engaged him to have made for me. They cost me ten dollars; two small pair of childrens shoes (everyday) to cost ten dollars. Well, well, this is almost incredible. I heard yesterday that a pair of cotton cords sold for fifty dollars. I also heard that in Savannah they were selling calico at two dollars per yard. The city must be drained of everything for the citizens have to buy homespun from the country people.

November 30th:

Another sabbath has rolled around. A beautiful day and no preaching as usual. Oh! the destitution of this country. What would I give to be where we could sometimes have religious privileges. Well, the material consequence of having no preaching on Sundays is that the people take the sabbath as a regular visiting day and Oh! how unpleasant this is to me to have to entertain visitors on Gods holy day. That day that we should employ in reading, meditation and prayer. Oh! God forgive all that I have said, and thought this day which was wrong. Bless me with thy love for Christs sake.

December 7th:

It seems that the sabbath is the only day now that I record in my journal as this is again the sabbath. I have been unwell nearly the whole week having taken a violent cold attended with sore throat and hoarseness. One day during the past week I heard that poor Celia was lying at the point of death in Quitman, I also heard that she wanted to see me very much. I sent Shed and Grace in the cart to go and see her. They found her alive and that was all. I expect she has died long since this. I should have liked so much to have seen her, but was too unwell to leave home. I received a letter from Martha this week and one from my father. I am afraid that she has lost her box of clothing that I sent her as she writes me that she has not received it. This indeed will be a loss these hard times. It is now night and a very cold night indeed. I have just heard (this evening) that young Pat Godfrey has returned home. I hear that his left arm has been amputated above the elbow. He arrived last night in the stage. I can hear nothing of my dear boys. How must they suffer this cold night if they are exposed and that is almost always the case. Lord in thy hands do I commit myself and all that I hold dear. Remember my poor absent boys tonight. Oh! God watch over them for good regard my prayer Oh! God watch over them for good for Christs sake.

December 9th:

On yesterday afternoon Mrs. Josiah Everette came over to see me, and this evening we had a visit from Pat Godfrey. It was sad to see the poor young man with only one arm. He seems in good spirits and praises the kindness of the Marylanders. He says he has not heard from my dear Alexander in two months, and thinks the order has been remanded for their coming south.

December 11th:

Today the Commissioners assigned my dower. The gentlemen dined here. I received a letter from Martha today in which she informed me that she had received her box of clothing. I also received a note from the woman who hired Celia informing me that Celia was better but that I must send someone there to nurse her as she was not able to do so herself. I sent the note over to Mr. Everette by Tommy. Tom says that Mr. Everette was very much put out with the woman about it. While Tommy was at Mr. Everettes Dr. Malott was there vaccinating all of the family for the smallpox, so he vaccinated Tommy with the rest of them.

December 14th:

This is the sabbath. I have just finished reading a most interesting discourse aloud to the children. The text was, from Genesis 16, "Thou God see'est me." Oh! God may this sermon which I have read today produce some effect in my children, let it cause them to think deeply of their responsibility to thee. Let it be as bread cast upon the waters which will be found after many days.

December 21st:

This is again the Lords day but owing to the smallpox being in the county, it is thought advisable for everyone to keep as much out of the way of it as possible, so we have concluded not to go to church, although it is Brother Blewets day to preach in Grooverville. Dr. Daniels vaccinated Bobby yesterday and says he will come in a few days and vaccinate the whole place, servants and all. I have not received a letter from Alexander nor Winny in such a length of time that I despair of ever hearing from them any more. The last letter from dear Alexander was written ever since October 27th. He then wrote that he was coming to Georgia. Since that letter I have never heard from him. I have looked for him until my heart fails. Oh! God spare my poor boys for Jesus Sake.

December 22nd:

Today I had all of the children and negroes vaccinated by Dr. Molatt. The weather is very dry. We have had remarkably cold weather lately, but is now turning warmer. Colds are very persistent at this time of the year and prevalent.

December 25th:

This is Christmas day. The day we celebrate as the birth of our Saviour. Many sad, very sad changes have transpired since the last time we celebrated this day. Yesterday Israel came from Doroughty, he says that brother Joe cannot come at this time. He says that he heard from my son Alexander and from Winny also, and they were both of them well. Mr. Everette and Pat Godfrey came here today. Mr. Everette brought me a paper, in it was an account of an awful battle in Virginia at Fredricksburg. Among the many brave men who have fallen in this battle is General T. R. R. Cobb, the General under whom my son Alex was serving. I also heard that Captain Ned Lawton was wounded. May a kind and gracious God grant that the life of my precious son be spared.

December 26th

Today we had some visitors, Mr. Jones the hardshell preacher dined here, and this afternoon the Misses Godfrey and young Tilman came over to see my children. Tomorrow Bobby expects to go to Thomasville on my business.

December 28th:

This is the sabbath and I am at home with my children. No preaching today. I read a sweet discourse aloud to the children. It was "Songs in the Night." Oh! who can sing when they are in such suspense and anxiety and perplexity as I am? Alas! I know not what to do. Oh! God help me poor weak and trembling creature that I am.